

Bijou: Behind the Perfection

by CN

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Summary: What really goes through the mind of Bijou as she performs her daily routines? Read this and find out! :Complete:

1. Chapter 1

****Entry Number One:****

I am a nice person.

â€|No, really, I amâ€|

It's just that I have to be perfect, and it's not easy to be perfect.

****Entry Number Two:****

So I think I have finally figured it out.

To get Hamtaro's heart, which we all know I will eventually, I
â€|

â€|actually, no, I haven't figured it out yet. But I'm trying to be perfect for him, and he still doesn't get the clue!

****Entry Number Three: ****

Must stroke each side of my hair 100 times for that extra special shine.

****Entry Number Four:****

Stroke 57

****Entry Number Five:****

Stroke 58

****Entry Number Six**:**

"Bijou, your grades are perfect, but you have no extra curricular activities, which may be a problemâ€¦|So, after discussing this with your parents, we have decided to enroll you in an after school sportâ€¦|"

-- _Without my permission? Who dose my Guidance Counselor think she is?_

"Which sport, Mrs. Yamada?" Maintain that smile, Bijou!

"Well, the only sport that was willing to take acceptances so late into the semester was cheerleadingâ€¦|"

o.0

Maintain that smile, Bijou!

****Entry Number Seven:****

I wonder if twirling my hair around my finger makes me look dumb. Hmmâ€¦|Hamtarô seems to be noticing.

****Entry Number Eight:****

Yes, Hamtarô, that's it. Look away from our boring English teacher and at me with my wonderful white locks. You know you want toâ€¦|

****Entry Number Nine:****

"Bijou?"

"Oui?" The accent totally turns guys on.

"I was wondering ifâ€¦|"

"Yes?"

"Ummâ€¦|this is kind of embarrassingâ€¦|"

"Just ask, 'amtarô!"

English class isn't very romantic, but at least he's finally asking me to--

"I forgot my pencil pouch at home. Could I possibly borrow a pencil?"

Maintain.That.Smile.Bijou.

****Entry Number Ten:****

Pashmina's eyes are very greenâ€¦|

Are they more green than mine?

What if they're a more attractive shade of green than mine?

****Entry Number Eleven:****

I wonder if you can get your eye color surgically changed.

****Entry Number Twelve:****

How many ways am I perfect?

There's too many to countâ€¦

Excellent.

****Entry Number Thirteen:****

"She said she reads all that she sees."

"She zaid she readz all zat she zeez."

Curse this accent!

****Entry Number Fourteen:****

"Bijou, Sparkle, I'm pairing you two up for Botany!"

Noâ€¦â€¦â€¦

****Entry Number Fifteen:****

"Bijou, what's this plant called?"

Sparkle, read the label under the plant.

Oh, I'm sorry, I forgot you didn't know howâ€¦

Hahahaâ€¦

"It iz a zhisul, Sparkle."

"A what?"

"A zhisul!"

"What's that?"

"The plant's name!"

"Oh, but Bijou, the label under the plant says that its name is 'Thistle', not zhisul. You goofy little French thing! Can't you read?"

Laugh it up, Sparkle. You're just jealous that you're not as perfect as me.

****Entry Number Sixteen:****

Do all my friends know that I am the dictionary definition of perfect?

Seriously, when they look it up in the dictionary, they see my name.

****Entry Number Seventeen:****

I'm too perfect for my carâ€|Too perfect for my carâ€|

"Bijou, are you singing that 'I'm too perfect' song again?"

"No, muzzer!"

****Entry Number Eighteen:****

"Oh, Hamtaro! You super hot thing! Take me away!"

o.o "Bijou?"

Oh godâ€|please tell me I didn't think that out loud.

"I was ummâ€|rehearsing for Romeo and Juliet! Wasn't that our assignment?"

"No, we're supposed to be reciting lines from Hamlet, and I'm pretty sure that there's no character named Hamtaro in any of Shakespeare's plays."

"What if I changed the story to you as Romeo and me as Juliet?"

_Zut! Tell me I didn't think _that _one out loud too!_

****Entry Number Nineteen:****

"Ahhâ€|Bijou, you're our new cheerleader?"

â€|â€|â€|â€|â€|.Sparkle is the head cheerleader?

****Entry Number Twenty:****

I should have figured.

****Entry Number Twenty-One:****

Eek! Here comes Hamtaro, Stan, and Boss and all the other guys!

Please tell me that they don't normally watch cheerleading practice!

****Entry Number Twenty-Two:****

This cheerleading outfit is really tight.

****Entry Number Twenty-Three:****

Feels. So Tight. Can't breathe.

****Entry NumberTwenty-Four: ****

Ewwâ€|Sparkle is talking to Hamtaro.

"So, Hamtaro, will you be coming to the game tomorrow night?"

There's a game? They wouldn't possibly expect me to perform at it.

"Yup, Sparkle, because cheerleaders are the only things worth watching at football games."

****Entry Number Twenty-Five:****

Hmmâ€|Hamtaro likes cheerleaders. Maybe extracurricular activities aren't all that bad.

2. Chapter 2

****Entry Number Twenty-Six:****

"So, Bijou? Have you gotten the drills for tonight's game down?"

Oh no no no no no no no no no no noâ€|She is not going to do this to me!

"Sparkle, I juzt became a cheerleader yezterday. 'ow can I perform tonight?"

"Just a little more practice, that's all!"

****Entry Number Twenty-Seven:****

Well, that's ok. I mean, no one will expect to see me cheerlead, right? I mean, it's been a day. How many people even know I'm a cheerleader?

****Entry Number Twenty-Eight:****

"Bijou, Sparkle's told me that you're a great cheerleader. I can't wait to see you dance tonight at the game!"

"Thankz, 'amtaro!"

****Entry Number Twenty-Nine:****

&!

****Entry Number Thirty:****

I hate gym class. Too much running.

****Entry Number Thirty-One:****

Why do I need to take gym class if I am going to spend three hours after school prancing around, cheering for the school?

****Entry Number Thirty-Two:****

Yesterday, at the bake sale, Hamtaro said he liked the smell of sugar cookies.

"Muzzer! I need everything sugar cookie-ish they 'ave at the store!"

****Entry Number Thirty-Three:****

Sparkle's in my gym class.

****Entry Number Thirty-Four:****

I have a lot of classes with her this year.

But not English, I have that with Hamtaro. Hahahaâ€¦|In fact, he's the only person I know in that class. And I'm pretty sure I'm the only person he knows in that class.

****Entry Number Thirty-Five:****

We're doing yoga in gym.

Pointless, if you ask me. I do more yoga sitting down.

"Bijou, how can you bend like that?"

"I zon't know. I juzt can."

"Darn, you're flexible."

I know I am, Sparkle.

****Entry Number Thirty-Six:****

Shouldn't head cheerleaders be more flexible theoretically?

****Entry Number Thirty-Seven:****

"Where's my uniform? It's not in my locker!"

Hahahahaâ€¦|Sparkle lost her uniform. This just brings a natural smile to my face.

I think I should stop smiling, though. She's going to suspect me.

****Entry Number Thirty-Eight:****

"Oh, look, 'amtaro! Someone carved zomething into zat tree! Let'z go zee what it says!"

"How can you tell, Bijou? That tree's like thirty feet away."

"Look, the carving says 'Hamtaro + Bijou'!" Now, Bijou, pretend like you're blushing furiously.

****Entry Number Thirty-Nine:****

"Why would someone carve our names into a tree? It must be some sort of a prank."

Ughhhh! Doesn't he have any idea how long it took me to carve

that!

"Cluelessâ€|"

"What'd you say, Bijou?"

Darn. Now I have to think of a word that rhymes with 'clueless' in a millisecond.

"Noodles." _Noodles! Is that the best I could come up with?_

****Entry Number Forty:****

"Where's my uniform, Bijou?"

"I zon't know."

"Yes you do! You're doing this to me because I'm making you perform at this game. And just so you know, if I don't find that uniform, I'm making you the head cheerleader for this game!"

"You wouldn't, Sparkle."

"Watch me."

****Entry Number Forty-One: ****

Somebody find that uniform!

****Entry Number Forty-Two:****

Noodles?

****Entry Number Forty-Three:****

"And introducing our new head cheerleader, Bijou!"

So, yes, nobody found that uniform.

****Entry Number Forty-Four:****

Turn right.Move forward.Spin in place. Turn right.Move forward.Spin in place.

****Entry Number Forty-Five:****

Well, at least they're not booing.

On the contrary, they're cheering.

****Entry Number Forty-Six:****

"Bijou, you smell like cookies."

"I'm sorry, 'amtaro, is the smell too strong."

"Noâ€|I just really like it."

****Entry Number Forty-Seven:****

So, I managed to pull off the head cheerleader thing.

Yet another reason I'm perfect.

****Entry Number Forty-Eight:****

Hehe Hamtaro thinks I smell nice!

****Entry Number Forty-Nine:****

"Bijou, you stole my rank as the head cheerleader!"

"No I zidn't! You put me there!"

"Well, I don't care. Now I'm going to steal something you really love."

"What iz zat?"

"Oh, Hamtaroâ€|You want to eat lunch with me today?"

"Sure, Sparkle."

Now it's on.

****Entry Number Fifty:****

Noodles?

3. Chapter 3

****Entry Number Fifty-One:****

"Ahhâ€|Bijou?"

"Yes, 'amtaro?"

"Is everything alright?"

Not with that leech attached to your arm.

"Of course it iz, 'amtaro! Why zoo you ask?"

"Because you've stabbed your salad with your fork about fifty times, you dolt!"

"Sparkle!"

"What?" She looks so intimidated under Hamtaro's glare. I don't blame her: I'd turn that same shade of red if Hamtaro ever looked at me like thatâ€|

â€|wait a minute!

I thought she was just pretending!

****Entry Number Fifty-Two:****

I hate field trips, especially ones that are outside.

****Entry Number Fifty-Three:****

"Welcome to the Akiko Mountain Range, kids!"

"â€|. "

"We at the Akiko Mountain Range hope you enjoy your hike!"

"â€|. "

****Entry Number Fifty-Four:****

We've been put into groups of three.

I'm working with Pashmina and Sandy.

Incase I've been too busy to mention, they're my two best friends.

They're the only girls who aren't fake like a certain someone who's going awfully close to Hamtaro right now.

Grrâ€|Get away from him, Sparkle.

****Entry Number Fifty-Five:****

"Oh, Bijou! Sandy! Pashmina!"

"Yes, Miss Koto?" Sandy replies to our teacher.

"There are an uneven amount of people in the class, so I have to add Sparkle to your group. Is that ok?"

"Sure, Miss Koto!"

â€|.

"Hey? Bijou?"

"Yez, Pashmina?"

"Your vein's about to burst."

****Entry Number Fifty-Six:****

We're walking up the stupid mountain.

****Entry Number Fifty-Seven:****

It's not even a pretty mountain.

****Entry Number Fifty-Eight:****

We're supposed to be sketching plants, but everybody's too cold to pay attention to the foliage.

Darn it! The teacher should have told us we were going to such a high altitude. I would've brought an extra sweater or something.

****Entry Number Fifty-Nine:****

"Hamtaro, I'm _so_ cold!"

Welcome to the club, Sparkle.

"Would you like to wear my jacket, Sparkle?"

"If you don't mind?"

"Hey, Bijou. You French Ham-Humans are an awful lot like teakettles, aren't ya?"

I turn to the source of the voice to avoid the sight of Sparkle in Hamtaro's jacket. "Why zoo you ask zat, Howdy?"

"Because there's steam comin' out of your ears."

****Entry Number Sixty:****

"Bijou, what plant is that?"

She knows very well what that plant is. "It iz a weed, Sparkle. There iz nozing special about it."

"But I want to know it's name!"

"No. We are not going to sketch zat plant, anyway."

"Bijouâ€|" Oh no. Miss Koto is talking to me. "Do you not know what that plant is called?"

"I zoo, Miss Koto."

"Then please enlighten the whole class on its name."

Here goes everything.

"It iz a zhisul."

"A what?"

"A zhisul, Sparkle."

"What's that?"

We've had this conversation before! I will not tolerate this again.

"Sparkle!" Boss's voice calls out before I can say anything. "She said it's a thistle, and you should know its name anyway since it was one of the first plants we studied."

That shut her up.

****Entry Number Sixty-One:****

During our lunch break, I go up to Boss.

"Merci, Boss." I put my hand on his shoulder to make him look at me, but his body gets tense at my touch.

Did I do something wrong?

****Entry Number Sixty-Two:****

"What am I going to zoo, Dexter?"

"I don't know, Bijou. You just came to me and yelled 'What am I going to do, Dexter?'"

"Why are you asking him, Sweet Bijou? I have the answer to all your problems!"

"Zoo you, Stan?" I ask hopefully since I'm desperate to pry the Fake One off of Hamtaro.

He takes out something from his backpack. "Is it someone or something that's bothering you?"

"Someone."

He wiggles an extremely red pepper in front of me. "This little thing right here, I got from a wandering Ham-Human. He said this stuff will make the biter go crazy with spice. What do you say, Bijou? I'll give it to you for a kiss!"

"Ahhâ€|no zhank you, Stan." And I start pacing again. Stan looks disappointed, but then Dexter breaks the silence.

"Does that pepper really work that strongly?"

"There's only one way to find out, Dexter!"

â€|..There's a rather mischievous glare in Stan's eyes as he says this.

****Entry Number Sixty-Three:****

"AHHHHHH!"

"What iz wrong, 'amtaro?" I run over to him, noticing that Sparkle is nowhere nearby.

He points to his tongue. He's motioning for water, or something to drink, I think.

Then I look at the Ã©clair he just bit into. Oddly enough, there's an extremely red pepper nudged in his pastry.

Somewhere, hiding in the trees, Dexter and Stan are enjoying a good laugh.

****Entry Number Sixty-Four:****

There's a note attached to my locker. It's red.

****Entry Number Sixty-Five:****

The note is open for everyone else to read. Whoever put it there didn't mean to put much effort into privacy.

Dear Bijou,

You have to be one of the most beautiful Ham-Humans I've ever seen, from your emerald eyes to the snow-like hue of your hair. Your laugh rings like bells, and your voice itself is like a foreign melody. I only wish I could tell you how I feel, but I am too shy right now to say anything. Maybe one day.

Your Secret Admirer

****Entry Number Sixty-Six:****

Pashmina and Sandy circle my room as they come up with a plan for Operation De-Sparkle.

"So it seems to me that Sparkle's challenging your ability to get what you want."

"But I think she actually likes Hamtaro, Sandy!"

"So there's one thing we have to do."

"What?"

"Get what she's good at. Get it, master it, beat her at it."

"But what is she good at?"

"â€|"

Five minutes laterâ€|

"â€|"

Ten minutes laterâ€|

"â€|"

"Wait! Isn't she a singer or something?"

"Oh yeahâ€|she has that international record deal, right? I can't believe we forgot that."

"You want me to _sing_?"

"Yes Bijou, and not only do you have to singâ€|"

"â€|you have to sing to blow Sparkle and Hamtaro away!"

****Entry Number Sixty-Seven:****

"Bijou, there was a note attached to your locker."

"I know." Why does Hamtaro care?

Omg! What if _he_ was the secret admirer?

**Entry Number
Sixty-Eight:**

SQUEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

****Entry Number Sixty-Nine:****

"Ok, Penelope, I am going to teach you your first word that iz not 'Ookwee', ok?"

"Ookwee."

"I am going to take zat as a 'yes'. Zee zhis picture of me? Say 'perfect'!"

"Ookwee."

"No, 'perfect'!"

"What are you doing, Bijou?"

"Uhhâ€¦Nozing, Pashmina!"

****Entry Number Seventy:****

What sounds better? Bijou and Hamtaro or Hamtaro and Bijou?

o.O "â€|Bijou?â€|" My mother is looking strangely at me.

Did I think out loud again? Oh cats! I can feel my face getting redder!_

"Yez, your face is getting pretty red."

Zut! Zut! Zut! I really must stop doing that.

"Yez, you must. Now calm zown and eat your string beanz!"

****Entry Number Seventy-One:****

"Bijou? Did you go anywhere near the dictionaries in the school library recently?" Maxwell's holding a bunch of dictionaries in his arms.

"No. Why?"

"Because somebody whited-out all the definitions for 'perfect' and wrote 'Bijou' in its place."

I make a face and he apologizes for blaming me. "I should have known you wouldn't do something like that."

__Hmme€|so that white out and dictionary thing wasn't a dream?__

****Entry Number Seventy-Two:****

I told you, I am the dictionary definition of perfect.

****Entry Number Seventy-Three:****

Maxell can prove it to you!

****Entry Number Seventy-Four:****

Boss and I are working as lab partners for chemistry. He is quite good at this class, actually.

"Bozz? What waz zee reaction with zee chloride?"

"Just look at my notes, Bijou."

His handwriting looks familiar.

****Entry Number Seventy-Five:****

Cats! I know from where, too.

_Oh dear. _

4. Chapter 4

****Entry Number Seventy-Six:****

Now, how to tell Boss that I don't like himâ€|

****Entry Number Seventy-Seven:****

"Huh? Bijou, why don't you like me?"

Cats! Was I thinking out loud _again_?

****Entry Number Seventy-Eight:****

Oh yeahâ€|we're still in chemistry classâ€|

"I zid not say zat, Boss! I was just mumbling in French, zat is all!"

"Oh.. ok.."

The advantage of making sure other people know you know a foreign language! Hahaha!

****Entry Number Seventy-Nine:****

"Ok, listen up, Bijou."

"Sparkle, we 'ave to get to class!"

"But this will only take a minuteâ€|"

****Entry Number Eighty:****

"Fine. What zoo you want, Sparkle?"

"Hn. Don't think I don't know about your plan to become perfect. I know that you strive so hard everyday to look _cute_ and _smart_ and _funny_ and _nice_ when deep down you're nothing but a spoiled

brat!"

"Nice ztheory, Sparkle. Unfortunately, you 'ave gotten yourzelf confuzed with me."

"Nice what?"

"Ztheory!"

"What's that!"

"Your stupid idea!"

"Oh wait, you're trying to say 'theory' aren't you?"

I **hate** this accent!

Entry Number Eighty-One:

I'm thinking to myself, right?

Okâ€|goodâ€|

Darn it! She's onto me!

Entry Number Eighty-Two:

Now, seriously, how to tell Boss that I don't have feelings for himâ€|

If a certain orange and white haired Ham-Human wasn't so _slow_ he could ask me out and we would be a couple and Boss could assume that I liked Hamtaro and not him.

Entry Number Eighty-Three:

Ask me out, already, Hamtaro!

Entry Number Eighty-Four:

"Bijou, how well can you sing?"

"Not well at all, Zandy!"

"â€|"

"What? It iz not my fault!"

"How are we supposed to make you look better than Sparkle now?"

"I zon't know."

"â€|!"

"What?"

Entry Number Eighty-Five:

"That iz what I zaid!"

"No, no, Bijou. You said 'ztheory' and the proper term is theory."

"Ztheory!"

"No, theory!"

"Girls, why aren't you practicing your dancing?"

"It's all Bijou's fault, coach! She can't speak!"

****Entry Number Eighty-Six:****

"Bijou, your pin cushion looks a littleâ€|_odd_â€|"

That's because it's not a pin cushion. It's a voodoo doll for Sparkle.

"You loser! I heard that!"

****Entry Number Eighty-Seven:****

Ok, this thinking out loud stuff is _really_ getting old.

Nevertheless, stabbing pins into my voodoo doll is quite fun. If only it worked.

****Entry Number Eighty-Eight:****

"Znoozer, zoo you ever dream of me?"

"â€|Zzzâ€|zzzâ€|zzzâ€|"

"Zoo you zee me as perfect in your dreams?"

"â€|Zzzâ€|zzzâ€|zzzâ€|"

"Close enough."

****Entry Number Eighty-Nine:****

"'amtaro, what iz your vision of perfect?"

"Bijou, shouldn't we be working on the English project-"

"-no! Now tell me 'amtaro, what iz your version of perfect?"

"Well, my perfect day would be nice and hot, but not too hot, you know? Like a long sleeve shirt type of day. And my perfect pet would be a big, furry dog with orange and white spots. And my perfect car isâ€|"

This is going to take a while.

****Entry Number Ninety:****

"And my perfect TV show is the one that comes on every Saturdayâ€|"

****Entry Number Ninety-One:****

"And my perfect computer would be a blackâ€¦"

****Entry Number Ninety-Two:****

"And my perfect song would beâ€¦"

****Entry Number Ninety-Three:****

"And my perfect soup would beâ€¦"

Soup? Get to the perfect girl already!

"Ok, Bijou, if you really want to hear about my perfect girl."

This is one time I'm glad I thought aloud!

****Entry Number Ninety-Four:****

"She'd have to be fun, first of all. And nice, sweet, kind, loving, smartâ€¦."

Eck. It sounds like you're describing a candy. What kind of a girl is thatâ€¦_perfect_?

****Entry Number Ninety-Five:****

:Oh, Hamtaro! I love the shirt you're wearing! It brings out the blue of your eyes and the red in your cheeks! And did I mention how _swell_ your hair is today? And you look so devilishly strong with all those books in your hands!"

"Thanks, Sparkle!"

That kind of girl, that's who.

Swell? Are we living in the 50s?

****Entry Number Ninety-Six:****

I really have to tell Boss that I don't care for him that way.

****Entry Number Ninety-Seven:****

"Boss? We need to zalk."

"Sure, Bijou."

****Entry Number Ninety-Eight:****

I don't like you the way you like me. My heart belongs to someone else.

****Entry Number Ninety-Nine:****

He looks upset.

Cats! Did I just say I don't like him out loud?

****Entry Number One Hundred:****

"Yes, Bijou, you did."

5. Chapter 5

****Entry Number One Hundred One:****

My name is Bijou.

****Entry Number One Hundred Two:****

I am a Ham-Human girl.

****Entry Number One Hundred Three:****

I love my friends so muchâ€¦

****Entry Number One Hundred Four:****

But today, in this very instant, I think I just broke one of their hearts.

****Entry Number One Hundred Five:****

"Boss, I amâ€¦ _zo _zorry! I never meant for it to come out zo quickly and in zuch a manner!"

Oh! He looks so pale. How could I have been so stupid!

****Entry Number One Hundred Six:****

"Zay something, Boss! _Anything_!"

"â€¦"

"Pleaze!"

And at my last plea, the bell starts to ring.

"I'm gonna be late for class. I have to go, Bijou."

****Entry Number One Hundred Seven:****

"Bijou?"

"What iz it, 'amtaro?" For the first time ever, Hamtaro is not the boy I want to talk to. I look up at him while I finish my doodles of Sparkle being attacked by a vicious apple. (I had to vent out my anger someway, didn't I?)

"You asked me yesterday what my vision of the perfect girl was."

Oh yeah, I did. I was so excited to hear about his perfect girl, yet I do not want to hear him talk about it now.

"Well, Bijou, I discovered something. You asked about _the_ perfect

girl. I can't tell you _the_ perfect girl, but I can tell you about _my_ perfect girlâ€¦"

How could I have just said it so blatantly?

Boss will never want to forgive meâ€¦!

Stupid thinking-out-loud mind.

****Entry Number One Hundred Eight:****

"You see, Bijou, it's impossible to be the perfect person! But it's very possible to be the perfect person for someone! Get it?"

"Hien?(1) 'amtaro, zid you zay something?"

He just smiles and looks at me. Normally my heart would melt at this, but I'm too numb to say anything.

I wonder why Hamtaro's not mad at me for not paying attention to him. Oh well. I have bigger fish to fryâ€¦!

****Entry Number One Hundred Nine:****

"Bijou, _please_ tell me what plant this is?"

"You 'ave got to be kidding me, Sparkle! We 'ave 'ad zhis converzation twice! If you are seriously zataâ€¦.zlow, zhen you should get yourself a botany tutor or zomething. Leave me alone!"

"Sheesh, Bijou! I was just trying to have a little fun. Loosen up a bit."

Did she say something? I wasn't listening.

****Entry Number One Hundred Ten:****

Boss is looking at me during Botany. He's probably doing that because I just yelled at Sparkle. Cats that girl is annoying.

****Entry Number One Hundred Eleven:****

I catch his eye and wave to him, but he returns to looking at the elodea leaf.

****Entry Number One Hundred Twelve:****

Did it just get colder in this room?

****Entry Number One Hundred Thirteen:****

"Are you serious, Stan? _You_ put the pepper in my Ã©clair!"

Hamtaro _just_ realized that? Actually, no, he didn't realize it. Stan admitted it.

****Entry Number One Hundred Fourteen:****

Penelope is looking at me expectantly with a book in her hands.

Does she want me to read to her?

â€|.ok, that _was_ a stupid question.

"Zoo you want me to read to you, Penelope?"

"Ookwee!"

****Entry Number One Hundred Fifteen:****

"Ok, but I want to _zell_ you one razher zhan read you one."

"Ookwee!"

She really needs to learn how to speak.

"Ok, zhere waz once this princezz who dreamed of beingâ€|perfect. She tried zo hard, but she could never become zee perzon she wanted to be. She waz oblivious to her friendz and her family. All she wanted waz the attention of zee boy she loved so much. She never cared about anyone elze'z feelingz."

Catsâ€|

â€|What have I been doing?

****Entry Number One Hundred Sixteen:****

"Nice story, Bijou."

â€|..!

"Boss!"

I turn around, and there he is. I forgot he had the keys to the clubhouse where I was supposed to be babysitting Penelope alone tonight.

At least the place, except for me, Penelope and Boss is empty. Now we can talk.

****Entry Number One Hundred Seventeen:****

"Boss, about zoday-"

"-forget about it, Bijou."

"Boss! We need to zalk!"

"What else is there to say? Really, Bijou, I'm fine."

"Then why are you crying, Boss?"

He smirks. It's fake. Even his eyes look sad.

"Why are you crying, Bijou?"

****Entry Number One Hundred Eighteen:****

"Be happy, Bijou. If I'm not the one you want, then go be with whoever it is you do love."

"I love all my friends." That's something Hamtaro once told me.

Cats! Don't think of Hamtaro now, Bijou!

****Entry Number One Hundred Nineteen:****

Let our friendship remain what it was, Boss. Let's try to forget this, please.

"That's what I've been trying to do since you told me, Bijou."

I just thought aloud again, didn't I?

****Entry Number One Hundred Twenty:****

"It iz cold in here."

"I know."

"Can we turn up zee heat, Boss?"

"The thermostat's as high as it can go."

"â€|ohâ€|"

****Entry Number One Hundred Twenty-One:****

Tonight, as I shut my eyes, I can't bring myself to get to sleep.

I drank warm milk, I counted sheep, I took deep breaths, but still, nothing!

****Entry Number One Hundred Twenty-Two:****

My name is Bijou.

****Entry Number One Hundred Twenty-Three:****

I am a Ham-Human girl.

****Entry Number One Hundred Twenty-Four:****

I love my friends so muchâ€|

****Entry Number One Hundred Twenty-Five:****

But tonight, I can't sleep.

Because tonight, out of the most important people in my lifeâ€|.

â€|I just lost an extremely important friend...

This is not perfect.

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(1) Hien is the French equivalent to "Huh?" or "Hmm?"

Obviously, Chapter Five was the beginning of the more important half of the story, where Bijou's ideas of perfection are completely revolutionized. Obviously, this last half of the story will be a bit more serious than the first.

6. Chapter 6

****Entry Number One Hundred Twenty-Six: ****

Well, there's no use in keeping myself upset over something I apologized for, right?

Besidesâ€|all this moaning is making me look unhappy, and perfection does not include un-happy!

****Entry Number One Hundred Twenty-Seven:****

"Bijou, why do you keep stabbing pins into that rag?"

"It iz not a rag."

"Then what is it?"

"Sparkle's voodoo doll, Pashmina. But I suppose rag fits as well."

"You created a voodoo doll for Sparkle? Bijou!"

"â€|. "

"Bijou! How could you do that?"

"Zoo what?"

"Waste fabric on her!"

****Entry Number One Hundred Twenty-Eight:****

Stan just walked into a classroom with whipped cream and feathers in his hand.

â€|. No, I don't want to know.

****Entry Number One Hundred Twenty-Nine:****

Hamtaro just walked out of a class with whipped cream and feathers on his face.

Again, I don't want to know.

****Entry Number One Hundred Thirty:****

"Today class, we'll be discussing an extremely important topic in literatureâ€|"

It's probably something boring like plot or theme or setting. What else is there?

"It's a description every writer must face one day if he or she wants their characters to seemâ€|_realistic_â€|"

I've seen sunflower seeds that were more interesting than discussing great literature works.

"It's the topic of how perfect characters have to be to achieve their greatest emotions. I want everyone in the class to come up and talk about what their views on the word 'perfection' are. Hamtaro, you go first."

Easy. Perfection is itself: Perfect.

****Entry Number One Hundred Thirty-One:****

"Perfection is evil. Nobody even knows if the word even has a definite meaning. I think the word should have never been invented! Who wants to be perfect, anyway?"

I do! Why is Hamtaro saying these things? I think perfection is wonderful!

"Perfection are ten small letters that describe a world of â€|.absolutely nothing. Thank you."

If Hamtaro thinks perfection is nothingâ€|then what does he think I am?

Am I nothing in his eyes?

"Bijou, please go next."

****Entry Number One Hundred Thirty-Two:****

Great. Now what am I supposed to say? I don't want to show Hamtaro that I am completely against him, but I am! And yetâ€|his points sort of made sense.

"What can I say? Perfectionâ€|itâ€|._changez_ people."

And that's all I could say.

****Entry Number One Hundred Thirty-Three:****

"Penelope what am I to do? I â€|am not sure what my views of being perfect are, and it is all because of 'im!'"

"Ookwee, ookwee, ookwee!"

"What zoo you mean my hour iz up? It 'az barely been ten minutez!"

"Ookwee! Ookwee, ookweeâ€|.ookweeeeeee!"

"Fine, take your three dollarz. I zon't even know what you are going to zoo with them, anyway. And zid you even take notez?"

"Ookwee."

"Zhere are nozing but doodlez in your coloring book! That iz not very professional, Penelope!"

"Ookwee!"

"You are right. Neither iz going zoo a four year old for problemz."

"Ookwee, ookwee?"

"No! I zoo not want a cookie!"

"Ookwee!"

"Zhey are sugar cookiez? Okay zhen."

****Entry Number One Hundred Thirty-Four:****

Mmmâ€|these sugar cookies are goodâ€|.

****Entry Number One Hundred Thirty-Five:****

Noodles?

Do you remember when I said that?

Noodles!

****Entry Number One Hundred Thirty-Six:****

If botany wasn't bad enough, I have zoology with Sparkle, too.

"Bijou, what is the mid section of an insect called?"

That's got to be one the easiest things to know!

Haha. Figures Sparkle doesn't know it.

"Zee zhorax, Sparkle."

Cats.

****Entry Number One Hundred Thirty-Seven:****

"The 'zhorax'! Ha! I knew you couldn't say it!"

Where's that pin cushion?

****Entry Number One Hundred Thirty-Eight:****

"Cheerleaders, for the end of the year, we have to do something at the graduation ceremony. It has to be something creative, something fun, something original that will make the school remember you girls forever!"

"Yes, Coach!"

Hmâ€|now if I can do this and make the cheerleaders known forever, I willâ€|

â€|_be even more perfect! Muahahahahaha-_

"Bijou, why are you laughing like an evil maniac?"

"No reason, Sparkleâ€|"

Cats. She almost caught me.

"Caught you at what?"

I hate thinking out loud!

****Entry Number One Hundred Thirty-Nine:****

It has to be something pretty. Yes. Because pretty is perfect and perfect is pretty.

"A garden!"

"That's a wonderful idea, Bijou! We can make a garden and dedicate it to the school. And when we present it, Bijou, you can be the one who gives the inaugural speech!"

"But Coach! Bijou can't talk!"

Wait, what? Did something just happen? I was thinking about how perfect I wasâ€|

****Entry Number One Hundred Forty:****

Waitâ€|Hamtaro doesn't like perfect, right?

****Entry Number One Hundred Forty-One:****

He just had to put a damper on my plan.

****Entry Number One Hundred Forty-Two:****

I am soooooo perfect.

****Entry Number One Hundred Forty-Three:****

I'm too perfect for my shirt

Too perfect for this car

"Bijou, you are zinging zat zong again, aren't you?"

"No, muzzer!"

****Entry Number One Hundred Forty-Four:****

"Bijou, I can make a book about how many things you can't say correctly."

"Zat is not pozzible, Sparkle."

"Oh yeah? Why is that?"

"You can't spell."

****Entry Number One Hundred Forty-Five:****

"Bijou, what are you sewing?"

"A nooze, Sandy."

"A noose? For what?"

"Zee Sparkle doll!"

****Entry Number One Hundred Forty-Six:****

Waitâ€¦I gave Penelope three dollarsâ€¦

She can't even count!

****Entry Number One Hundred Forty-Seven:****

Why did Hamtaro say those things?

****Entry Number One Hundred Forty-Eight:****

Perfect can be a very beautiful thing. If the world was perfect, it would be â€¦perfect!

****Entry Number One Hundred Forty-Nine:****

Doesn't he know I try to be perfect just for him!

"Perfect for who?"

â€¦_oh catsâ€¦how much did _he_ hear?_

****Entry Number One Hundred Fifty:****

"â€¦'ello, 'amtarô€¦"

7. Chapter 7

****Entry Number One Hundred Fifty-One:****

Now what do I say?

"For no one, 'amtarô! I was just mumbling, zat iz all!"

****Entry Number One Hundred Fifty-Two:****

He doesn't believe me. He's laughing.

"If that's what you say, Bijou. I just came to tell you that I loved what you said about perfection in class."

****Entry Number One Hundred Fifty-Three:****

"Ohâ€|yesâ€|merci, 'amtarô."

What did I say again?

****Entry Number One Hundred Fifty-Four:****

"Zo, I 'ad a dream lazt night."

****Entry Number One Hundred Fifty-Five:****

"In it, I waz dancing with 'amtarô. It waz nice, but zhen, suddenly-"

"Ookwee!"

"Quiet, Penelope! I am explaining my dream!"

"Ookwee?"

"Yez I will deduct feeze if you keep zalking!"

****Entry Number One Hundred Fifty-Six:****

"Ookwee! Ookwee! Ookweeeeeee!"

"Zat iz zo obvious, Penelope! _I _can make better zilly faces zan you!"

"Ookwee! Ookwee!"

"Ok, bring it!"

****Entry Number One Hundred Fifty-Seven:****

So, this is how Penelope and I ended up making stupid faces in the mirror.

Hmmâ€|she's pretty good at this, actually.

But not as good as me.

"Ookwee!"

"You quit? I knew zat you could not beat me! Muahahahaha!"

"Ookwee! Ookweeeeeeeee!"

"What zoo you mean, 'Turn around'? Who iz behind me?"

****Entry Number One Hundred Fifty-Eight:****

"Wow, Bijou! How do you open your mouth so widely?"

--

I don't turn around. It's embarrassing enough.

"Bonjour, Panda."

"Yeah, that's pretty amazing, Bijou!"

"â€|Bonjour, 'amtaroâ€|"

****Entry Number One Hundred Fifty-Nine:****

When I finally do turn around, I notice Boss is standing behind the two. The three of them have groceries in their handsâ€|so I'm guessing they went shopping or somethingâ€|

"Bijou, I'm glad I caught you. I needed to talk to you-"

"-Oh, can't it wait, 'amtaro?" Boss is walking away! I need to tell him about my dream!

****Entry Number One Hundred Sixty:****

I run up to him quickly and start talking to him.

"Boss!"

He looks strangely at me and then starts to pack the groceries into the clubhouse's pantry.

"I 'ad a very strange dream lazt night! I waz dancing with--no one important, but zen, zat person changed zoo you! Zee rezst of my dream I waz happy juzt zoo be with you!"

I hear someone gasp behind me and then I hear a crash.

****Entry Number One Hundred Sixty-One:****

"Hamtaro! Do you need help picking up your groceries?"

"N-no, Panda. Thanks anyway."

****Entry Number One Hundred Sixty-Two:****

"Stan, you're cookiez tazte like pure flour!"

"That's not cool, Lovely Bijou! They're supposed to be tortillas!"

I start scraping the nasty stuff off of my tongue.

"Oh come on! They're not even that bad!"

"Stan, I zhink I can tazte sugar _and_ pepper in here!"

"It gives it flavor!"

****Entry Number One Hundred Sixty-Three:****

During cheerleading practice, Sparkle starts being stupidâ€|

But she can't help itâ€¦.

Hahahahahaâ€¦

"So, Bijou, I know that you technically thought of the idea to present a garden at the end of the seasonâ€¦"

"Andâ€¦?"

"But since I can speak so much better than you can, I think I should give the speechâ€¦"

I put my finger in my throat and the other cheerleaders start laughing.

****Entry Number One Hundred Sixty-Four:****

"I mean, I'm prettier tooâ€¦"

My finger goes deeper into my mouth.

****Entry Number One Hundred Sixty-Five:****

"And I'm nicer tooâ€¦"

And the cheerleaders are about to bust their guts with laughter!

****Entry Number One Hundred Sixty-Six:****

"And come on, we all know I'm going to be voted most popularâ€¦"

How much deeper can my finger go? Hahahahahaâ€¦

"And, by the way, I can see your reflection in the bathroom mirror, Bijou."

****Entry Number One Hundred Sixty-Seven:****

Good thing I can whistle innocently.

****Entry Number One Hundred Sixty-Eight:****

"And, no, Sparkle, you are not going to take my speech away from me!"

"We'll see about that. Honestly, who wants someone who can't even pronounce 'thistle' and 'thorax' to give a speech to the school?"

"Well, zen, I'll just 'ave to keep those words out of my speech! Hahahaha!"

****Entry Number One Hundred Sixty-Nine:****

"Bijou, why did you tell me about your dream?"

"Zoo show you that I do care for you, Boss! You are still a good friend to me!"

****Entry Number One Hundred Seventy:****

"Bijou, we need to talk."

Hmmâ€|why do Sandy and Pashmina look so worried?

****Entry Number One Hundred Seventy-One:****

"You've told us over and over again that you want to win Hamtaro's heart, beat Sparkle and be an overall perfect person."

"Zo, what iz zee problem, Pashmina?"

****Entry Number One Hundred Seventy-Two:****

"Well," Sandy looks like she's having trouble speaking. "We think that you're already a good girl."

"What are you zaying?"

****Entry Number One Hundred Seventy-Three:****

"Have you ever really thought this plan through? Do you really need as many corrections as you say you do?"

"Yeah, what Pashmina and I are trying to say is that why do you need any fixings? What if you're already perfect?"

"Why are you so adamant to change?"

****Entry Number One Hundred Seventy-Four:****

"Real friends think that their friends are perfect just the way they are, but if you think you need some minor fixings, that's okâ€|"

"But I am not perfect! I need 'elp!"

"Well, Bijou, how do you know that for sure?"

****Entry Number One Hundred Seventy-Five:****

"Bijou? Is everything alright?"

"You haven't answered our question!"

As I wipe tears from my eyes, all I can say is, "I zon't know."

8. Chapter 8

****Entry Number One Hundred Seventy-Six:****

Today's the last day of the cheerleading season.

And do you know what that means?

****Entry Number One Hundred Seventy-Seven:****

That's right! Hamtaro's going to ask me out!

Ok, no, that's not what today means. (But I can dream, right?)

I have to present the butterfly garden the cheerleaders paid for to the rest of the school.

****Entry Number One Hundred Seventy-Eight:****

And do you know what that really means?

****Entry Number One Hundred Seventy-Nine:****

I get to give the speech and Sparkle doesn't!
Muahahahahahahahahaâ€|.

****Entry Number One Hundred Eighty:****

So, Sandy and Pashmina are worried about meâ€|They won't let me eat my lunch in peace.

"Bijou! Why do you keep putting yourself down?"

"You're perfect just the way you are!"

If I'm so perfect, why won't Hamtaro ask me out!

"Here he comes nowâ€|"

I thought out loud again, didn't I?

"Yup."

"You've really got to get over that habit."

****Entry Number One Hundred Eighty-One:****

"Hey guys!"

"Hey!"

"Watsup?"

"Bonjour!"

Don't you love the fact that all three of us have different greetings?

"Yeah, you girls are cool like that."

_Grrr! Must stop thinking out loud! (And yes, this time I _am actually thinking to myself!)_

****Entry Number One Hundred Eighty-Two:****

"Anyway, I was wondering if I could speak to you, Bijou?"

Pashmina Sandy and I stare at each other.

If no one else was in the cafeteria right now, we would _SQUEE_ with

delight.

"Oui, 'amtaro."

****Entry Number One Hundred Eighty-Three:****

He leads me out to the butterfly garden that's supposed to be unveiled later todayâ€|

â€|but for some reason is out in the openâ€|

"It's a pretty garden. You girls worked really hard on it."

****Entry Number One Hundred Eighty-Four:****

Enough with the small talk! What do you need to say!

Boys are so annoying like thatâ€|

****Entry Number One Hundred Eighty-Five:****

"Well, what I brought you out here for is to ask you somethingâ€|"

Here it comesâ€|

"I heard you talking about your dream last night with Bossâ€|"

"And?"

"I heard you say you started dancing with himâ€|"

He pauses and looks at me.

His eyes get lower.

"â€|and that you liked itâ€|"

****Entry Number One Hundred Eighty-Six:****

"Oui, 'amtaro. Boss and I are close-"

"How close?" he asks immediately.

****Entry Number One Hundred Eighty-Seven:****

I stare at him suspiciously. This wasn't the exclamation of love I was hoping for.

"Very," I answer after a while of staring him down. "I am closer zoo 'im zhan I am with mozt ozzer boys."

****Entry Number One Hundred Eighty-Eight:****

His ears droop in front of my eyes (as does the rest of his body).

"Thanks, Bijou. You told me everything I needed to know."

****Entry Number One Hundred Eighty-Nine:****

When I return to my lunch table, Pashmina and Sandy start attacking me with questions.

"Did he ask you out?"

"You said yes, right? Of course you did!"

"How'd he ask it?"

"Did he tell you that you were everything he ever wanted and more?"

"Did he give you chocolate and flowers?"

"When's your first date?"

****Entry Number One Hundred Ninety:****

"'amtaro zid not azk me about zat at all!"

"What?"

"Are you serious?"

"What'd he want?" They ask in unison.

"'e azked me 'ow close I waz zoo Boss!"

They look at each other.

"Well! What did you tell him?"

"Zat Boss and I are very close!"

****Entry Number One Hundred Ninety-One:****

Pashmina and Sandy slap their foreheads in frustration.

"BIJOU!"

"What?"

****Entry Number One Hundred Ninety-Two:****

So, in ten minutes I go out and give my speech to the school.

And Sparkle thought that she could take this opportunity away from me.

****Entry Number One Hundred Ninety-Three:****

At the moment, every cheerleader is behind the garden, waiting for their cues to approach the podium in front of the audience, who is in front of the garden.

A fellow cheerleader comes up to me and holds up a tray of cookies.

"One of the cheerleaders baked cookies for the whole squad. Would you like one?"

"Merci, but no. I am zoo nervous for zhis speech zoo eat."

"Oh, but these cookies will get rid of any pre-speech jitters!"

I start picking up a cookie, but the cheerleader stops me.

"The cookies were made personally for each member of the squad! The one with the blue and white sprinkles is for you."

****Entry Number One Hundred Ninety-Four:****

I pick up the cookie and the cheerleader watches as I eat it.

Hmmâ€|these sprinkles tasteâ€|.bitter.

The sprinkles dissolve into a nasty feeling liquid and leave a bad aftertaste in my mouth.

The cheerleader waits for me to finish the whole thing and then she leaves.

****Entry Number One Hundred Ninety-Five:****

That's when I started to glance over my speech again.

I start reading my opening lines, and that's when it hit me.

I don't hear anything when I speak.

****Entry Number One Hundred Ninety-Six:****

I look around at the garden and the audience facing me.

In a few minutes, I have to present the garden to the audienceâ€|

And I don't have a voice!

****Entry Number One Hundred Ninety-Seven:****

I try to scream. Maybe my ears are bad.

No one turns around and looks at me.

That's because they can't hear me.

I can feel my eyes get watery.

I try to clear my throat, but it feels like me throat is completely empty.

****Entry Number One Hundred Ninety-Eight:****

I grab one of the cheerleaders. I try to talk to them, scream at them, anything!

But all she does is look at me, confused.

"Bijou, are you OK?" she asks.

****Entry Number One Hundred Ninety-Nine:****

I shake my head furiously.

"Hello, Bijou."

I turn around and see Sparkle. I gesture furiously at my mouth, but she simply smiles.

****Entry Number Two Hundred:****

"I see you've tried my cookies. A lot of people think they taste simply amazing. In fact, you could say that they leave you _speechless_."

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I was depressed when no one realized at the end of the last chapter the huge Hamtaro/Bijou clue I put in. Did you notice when Bijou told Boss she had fun dancing with him that Hamtaro dropped the bag he was carrying? Hmmâ€|Maybe I was being too subtle.

If all goes well, there are only two more chapters of the story.

9. Chapter 9

****Entry Number Two Hundred One:****

It was the most unbelievable feelingâ€|

I hate itâ€|

I hate _her_â€|

****Entry Number Two Hundred Two:****

Those stupid tears I'm trying to hold back are wetting my face.

I hate the way she's laughing at me right now.

****Entry Number Two Hundred Three:****

"You knowâ€|" She starts speaking. I have no choice but to listen.

"I have an uncle who works with herbal medicinesâ€|really _powerful_ herbal medicines. I just happened to ask him about a certain plant that will clear any sore throat, but the horrible side effect is that it causes you to lose your voice for a couple of hours."

"Sparkle!" the cheerleader who gave me that cookie comes up to her. "Is that why you made me make sure Bijou ate the whole cookie? You wanted her to lose her voice?"

"No, of course not!" But the other cheerleaders start surrounding her.

"That's _low_, Sparkleâ€|"

****Entry Number Two Hundred Four:****

"Bijou, you have to be at the podium in a minute to give your speech." The coach comes up to me, wondering why I'm not already up there ready to give my speech.

"Bijou, get up there!" The coach orders when I don't move; unfortunately, I can't help but shrug.

"She lost her voice, coach," Sparkle informs as she appears through the crowd of angry cheerleaders.

"You did?"

I nod.

****Entry Number Two Hundred Five:****

The coach looks upset and very aggravated. "Well, you can't give the speech and perform the cheer, so maybe you should just sit down with the rest of the audience."

I nod stupidly again.

"What about the speech?" Sparkle asks the coach enthusiastically.

"Bijou, give your speech to Sparkle. She'll read it since she's the captain."

Sparkle smiles, but the other cheerleaders look livid.

"But coach-"

"Girls, get into position. The ceremony starts in thirty seconds!"

****Entry Number Two Hundred Six:****

I sit down in the last row, where there's one lonely seat that has yet to be occupied.

Sandy and Pashmina, who are sitting with the rest of my friends in the row ahead of me, turn around.

"You're not reading your speech?"

****Entry Number Two Hundred Seven:****

"Why aren't you up there?" Sandy demands, but as she gets a good look at my face her eyes soften.

"Have you been crying?" Pashmina asks gently, and Hamtaro, who's sitting beside them, turns his head sideways towards Pashmina and Sandy as if he's interested in what we're talking about.

But all I can do to answer them is put a finger to my lips and tell them to quiet down; the ceremony starts now.

****Entry Number Two Hundred Eight:****

Sparkle doesn't have an accent.

She has a huge smile spread across her face.

This is what she wanted, and this is what she got.

The most upsetting part is, she sounds so good reading my speech up there. It makes me wonder whether or not I could've read it better myself. But what if I could. Maybe I could go up there, if I still had a voice, and read the speech so well that the audience would give me a standing ovation. What makes me think that I couldn't?

Suddenly, what Pashmina and Sandy asked me the other night starts to make sense.

Why do I want to change?

****Entry Number Two Hundred Nine:****

I know I didn't even want to be a cheerleader in the first place, but watching them all perform, Sparkle being in the center, is heartbreaking.

Why did I ever eat that stupid cookie?

****Entry Number Two Hundred Ten:****

After the assembly is over, all my friends go up to Sparkle, but me and Boss are left behind.

****Entry Number Two Hundred Eleven:****

Hamtaro is standing behind Boss, kicking the dirt and pretending to not be listening. It's so silly how even when I'm so upset, I still notice every little thing he does.

"Bijou," Boss says, "I forgive you."

****Entry Number Two Hundred Twelve:****

I open my mouth, confused, but he puts his finger on my lips and continues.

"Please don't say anything until I finish."

Okayâ€|no problem there.

****Entry Number Two Hundred Thirteen:****

"Actually, Bijou, there's nothing to forgive. You don't like me, and it's not fair for me to be mad at you for thatâ€|not that I could remain mad at you for more than a second. Anyway, I don't want to make you feel guilty for something that's not your fault at all. I mean, I can't force you to like me, so I certainly can't blame you if you don't. I just wanted you to know that."

Boss walks away and I see Hamtaro staring at me with his mouth slightly opened. I walk up to him, wanting to talk to him, but what am I going to say?

Hamtaro starts talking. "Bijou, I thought-

But just then, Sparkle appears with Pashmina and Sandy following her.

****Entry Number Two Hundred Fourteen:****

"Sparkle," Pashmina hisses, "tell us why the cheerleaders keep threatening to tell the coach 'what you did' unless you confess?"

"Yeah," Sandy chimes in. "What did you do to make them so mad? And if it has anything to do with Bijou not reading her speech-

"Well, then, why don't you two dolts go ask Bijou why she didn't read her speech. I'm sure she'll have something very surprising to tell you." Sparkle looks at me and gives me an evil smile.

****Entry Number Two Hundred Fifteen:****

I go up to Sparkle and shake my head.

How could you, Sparkle? How could you?

It was my idea to build a butterfly garden, so it was my right to read the speech for the garden. But for some obscure reason, you couldn't handle that. Maybe it was because the spotlight wasn't on you, for once. It doesn't matter now, does it? You still got to read the speech that I wrote and what more could you have wanted? It's just pretty sad that you had to drug me with a cookie to get that. At least no one can say you're not creative. Anything to make sure you're always center-stage, right?

Sparkle looks confused, but I don't care. I turn to Hamtaro.

****Entry Number Two Hundred Sixteen:****

And I'm tired of chasing after you, trying to make myself perfect just so you'd notice me. I've had enough. While I saw and heard Sparkle reading my speech, I had a realization. I will never be able to fix my accent, and I will never be able to pay attention in English class and I will never stop my stupid habit of thinking out loud.

Don't you see, Hamtaro? I can't fix myself. It's not fair to me or to you, because you don't deserve a girl who just came off the assembly line. You deserve someone better, but just so you know, I wanted to be that girl so badly. I was willing to change everything about me for you to give me one glanceâ€¦but not anymore. If you did like me, it'd be for me, accent and everything, not for some carbon copy of a girl who could never exist. That doesn't make any sense, I guess, maybe not to you. But that's not the point! Go off and find your ideal girl, Hamtaro, because I know it's not the girl standing before you right now.

"How do you know that?" Hamtaro asks.

Heke? Did he just ask meâ€¦!

"I guess I didn't put enough of that plant inside Bijou's cookie," Sparkle says quietly.

"What zoo you mean?" I ask.

Cats.

No, tell me I didn't justâ€¦!

It's not fair!

****Entry Number Two Hundred Seventeen:****

"You like me?" Hamtaro asks as a huge smile spreads across his face.

"Zid I juzt say all ofâ€¦!_zat_ out loud?"

I thought out loud even when I didn't have a voice!

Sandy nods and tries to cover her laughter.

"From the Sparkle bashing all the way to yourâ€¦!ummâ€¦!" Pashmina seems at a loss for words.

"â€¦!Confession," Hamtaro finishes. He grabs my arm. "We need to talk."

****Entry Number Two Hundred Eighteen:****

"But Hamtaro!"

"Not now, Sparkle," he replies as he pulls me away.

"I can't believe you gave Bijou a drugged up cookie," I hear Pashmina say as I'm pulled away.

"Wait til we tell your coach about this!" Sandy exclaims.

****Entry Number Two Hundred Nineteen:****

Hamtaro drags me into an abandoned classroom. As soon as he closes the door he looks at me as the smile never leaves his face.

"I can't believe that you actually like me! All this time I thought

that you and Bossâ€¦Cats, this is incredible!" he comes up to me and puts my face in his hand.

****Entry Number Two Hundred Twenty:****

"Zo you like me?" _Why doesn't this feel right?_

"_Like_ you? Bijou, you're accent, the way you space out in the most random moments, how you always think out loudâ€¦I'm in love with practically everything about you! Why did you ever think you needed to change for me?"

That's exactly what I'm asking myself.

****Entry Number Two Hundred Twenty-One:****

I pull away from him quickly.

"You gave me zo many reasons why you like meâ€¦"

"Yeah," Hamtaro says hesitantly. I think he's surprised at the way my voice sounds so serious.

****Entry Number Two Hundred Twenty-Two:****

"So what's the problem?"

"Zee problem is, I cannot remember why it waz you, out of all of zee boyz at zhis school, zat I choze you."

"Heke?"

****Entry Number Two Hundred Twenty-Three:****

I walk to the door of the classroom and open it.

"In my quezt for perfection, I forgot why you were zo special."

****Entry Number Two Hundred Twenty-Four:****

"What are you saying?" He can't hide the anxiety in his voice.

"Zat if I forgot it, zhen it wazn't important enough zoo remember."

****Entry Number Two Hundred Twenty-Five:****

And my legs walk me out of the classroom, away from Hamtaro.

But the thing is, despite everything that I thought I wantedâ€¦
â€¦I don't want to stop moving away.

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Well, I'm pretty sure that there's only one chapter left. And wow.
That was the longest chapter yet.

And yes, oh my god, Bijou just rejected Hamtaro. I know, I had that
planned since the beginning.

Speaking of beginnings, after Perfection and Chuujitsu, are done, my
newest fic, Petals (which is gonna be novel-length) is gonna come
out. I just wanted to let you guys know, incase you wanted me to put
one of your OC's in the fic, private message me and I will. (The
thing is, I have a few spots in Petals that I need to fill with
characters that aren't canon, so why not fill them with OC's that the
Hamtaro-reading audience is already familiar with?)

So, PM me if you want your OC in Petals. I'll PM you back, tell you
the plot, and I'll find the perfect spot for them :)

10. Chapter 10

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Entry Number Two Hundred Twenty-Six:

Look. Through all these pages I've repeated several times that I want
Hamtaro to return my feelings.

But look againâ€¦|

Nowhere in these golden pages does it say whyâ€¦|

Entry Number Two Hundred Twenty-Seven:

How could I have wanted something so badly and not have known
why?

That's what I'm asking myself as I run down these halls.

Entry Number Two Hundred Twenty-Eight:

People are trying to come up to me and talk to me, but I walk right
past them.

Hamtaro's not chasing after me.

Good. I don't want him to.

Entry Number Two Hundred Twenty-Nine:

It's not that I don't like him because I do!

Really!

But it's just that something about his confession didn't seem right, and I have to figure out why.

****Entry Number Two Hundred Thirty:****

But that answer will come when I figure out why exactly I like him.

That's priority number one.

****Entry Number Two Hundred Thirty-One:****

So here I am, sitting by the butterfly garden that Sparkle presented.

The assembly seems like hours ago.

****Entry Number Two Hundred Thirty-Two:****

"Bijou! Bijou!"

Pashmina and Sandy come up to me.

"We've been looking everywhere for you!"

****Entry Number Two Hundred Thirty-Three:****

"Did you hear?" Sandy asks excitedly. "Sparkle's been suspended for giving you that evil cookie! Isn't that great?"

I shake my head and Pashmina seems to notice that everything isn't great.

"Is everything alright, Bijou?"

****Entry Number Two Hundred Thirty-Four:****

"She only went zoo school because she 'ad zoo. She is a zingerâ€|she does not care for educashun. She will become a zucsessful pop ztar, but what will become of moi?"

The two of them gasp. "I completely forgot!" Pashmina exclaims. "What did you and Hamtaro talk about?"

"Are you two officially going out?"

I shake my head again. "I left 'im before 'e could ask."

"WHY?!!!" The two of them exclaim. Pashmina hits my arm.

"Oww! Zat 'urt!"

"Good! It was supposed to!"

"Bijou, we thought that getting Hamtaro to like you was the whole

point of taking on this perfection makeover," Sandy says, looking disappointed. "He _does_ like you, doesn't he?"

I nod. "But zoo you two remember why I liked 'im?"

****Entry Number Two Hundred Thirty-Five:****

"Liked? As in past tense? You don't like him anymore?" Pashmina asks.

"I zoo! Really! But I can't remember why, and zat is zee problem!"

The two of them look like they're about to fall over with shock.

"_That's _the reason why you walked away?" Sandy looks furious.

I hear a guitar playing somewhereâ€|

"Yeah, I do, too," Pashmina responds. "And yes, before you ask, you did think out loud."

****Entry Number Two Hundred Thirty-Six:****

The three of us walk over to the other side of the garden and findâ€|

â€|Jingle?

"The one and only," He responds, leaning against a tree and strumming his guitar.

"So you actually decided to make something out of your life and come to school today?" Sandy demands with her hands on her hips. "Come on guys, we're wasting time-"

"Music is my school, the melody my teacher and the notes are my comrades. I don't know about you but I couldn't possibly want to lave all that."

Sandy rolls her eyes. "As I was say-"

"The last thing you want to do is go away because she has a problem and I have advice to say," Jingle sings.

"Are you talking about Bijou?" Pashmina asks, looking from me to him.

"Yesâ€|" He looks at me, opening his eyes and putting his guitar down. "You need help."

****Entry Number Two Hundred Thirty-Seven:****

"Well, she's not gonna get any help from you," Sandy explains. She and Pashmina start to walk away but I don't follow.

Instead, I lean forward and ask, "Can you 'elp me?"

"You need to forget this idea that you need a reason for

everythingâ€¦just lay back and follow you life's swing," he tells me.

"But zat is not good enough! I need zoo know why I likeâ€¦I meanâ€¦I need zoo follow a straight path! I zthink it is part of my nature." Sandy was right. This is just a waste of time. I get up and start to leave when Jingle calls out:

"If you always have straight things, then you'll never have a bowl full if curly, delicious noodles, and everyone loves noodles!"

****Entry Number Two Hundred Thirty-Eight:****

Noodles? Why does that ring a bell?

Oh! I remember!

****Entry Number Two Hundred Thirty-Nine:****

Noodles? Do you remember when I said that?

_We're walking up the stupid mountain. _

It's not even a pretty mountain.

"_Bijou! How could you do that?" _

"_Zoo what?" _

"_Waste fabric on her!"_

_I told you, I am the dictionary definition of perfect. _

Maxwell can prove it to you!

Hehe Hamtaro thinks I smell nice!

"_What do you say, Bijou? I'll give it to you for a kiss!"

_

Hmâ€¦these sprinkles tasteâ€¦.bitter.

In a few minutes, I have to present the garden to the audienceâ€¦

And I don't have a voice!

****Entry Number Two Hundred Forty:****

This is not perfect.

I suddenly find myself walking to the classroom where I just left Hamtaro as all these memories flash in my mind.

"_I see you've tried my cookies. A lot of people think they taste simply amazing. In fact, you could say that they leave you speechless."_

"_Please don't say anything until I finish." _

Okayâ€|no problem there.

I thought out loud even when I didn't have a voice!

"_Zat if I forgot it, zhen it wazn't important enough zoo remember."_

"_Fine, take your three dollarz. I zon't even know what you are going to zoo with them, anyway. And zid you even take notez?"_

_Doesn't he know I try to be perfect just for him! _

"_Perfect for who?"_

Feels. So Tight. Can't breathe.

_I thought out loud again, didn't I? _

"_Yup." _

"_You've really got to get over that habit."_

I ****hate**** this accent!

Swell? Are we living in the 50s?

"_I am going to take zat as a 'yes'. Zee zhis picture of me? Say 'perfect'!" _

"_Ookwee." _

"_No, 'perfect'!"_

My name is Bijou.

**I am a nice person.**

I am a Ham-Human girl.

â€|_**No, really, I amâ€|**_

I love my friends so muchâ€|

**It's just that I have to be perfect, and it's not easy to be perfect.**

****Entry Number Two Hundred Forty-One:****

I run into the classroom and thank my lucky stars that Hamtaro is still there.

He's sitting on a desk and his head was down until he looked up at me.

"Bijou-"

But I interrupt.

"I'm a nice personâ€|No, really, I amâ€|It'z juzt zat I zhought I 'ad

zoo be perfect, and it's not eazee zoo zhink zat you 'ave zoo be perfectâ€|"

Hamtaro looks at me curiously. "So that _was_ your diary I foundâ€|"
(1)

****Entry Number Two Hundred Forty-Two:****

"And I zhought zat I was starting zoo zhink zat perfection isn't a necezzity, remember? I made zat speech in front of you earlier. But I guess I 'ave a long way zoo go because despite everyzhing, I still zhought zat I needed zoo like you for a reason. Zat is trying to make zense of everyzhing even when it does not need explaining, and zat means I was trying zoo make zee situashon perfect."

Hamtaro smiles at me. "So you don't think we need a bunch of reasons to get together?"

Isn't that what I just said?

"Yesâ€|" I pause. "You're naÃ-ve. _Really_ naÃ-ve. You zid not get my hints about liking you for all zthese years. You're so zilly! But I guess it looks cute on youâ€|mostly because you're zo nice az well-"

"Bijou! You keep giving me reasons why you like me!"

"I zoo?" Waitâ€| "I _zoo_!!!"

****Entry Number Two Hundred Forty-Three:****

"I'd love zoo 'ave a relashunship with you, 'amtaro, if you will forgive me?"

"Are you kidding me? You broke my heart and you think that I'll just sweep you up into my arms and tell you that that's okay?"

I lower my head. I should have expected this.

Suddenly, I feel warmth around me.

I look up and see Hamtaro hugging me.

"â€|because if you want me to, I willâ€|" he tells me.

****Entry Number Two Hundred Forty-Four:****

As we look at each other, our faces are getting closerâ€|

Cats! This is it!

Here it goes!

****Entry Number Two Hundred Forty-Five:****

"Wait," Hamtaro says.

He goes to the classroom door and opens it, only to find Pashmina, Sandy, Maxwell, Stan, Oxnard, Boss, Jingle, Panda, the cheerleaders and virtually everyone else in the school fall over.

"Maxwell, you are such a liar! You told us that there would be free food in here!" Stan exclaims.

"What? I did not. It was your bright idea to come here and eavesdrop!" Maxwell shouts back.

****Entry Number Two Hundred Forty-Six:****

"Perfect, guyz," I say as Hamtaro takes my hand and steps over the pile of Ham-Humans on the floor.

****Entry Number Two Hundred Forty-Seven:****

I am a nice person.

At least, I'm pretty sure I am.

It's just that I had this crazy idea that I had to change to be perfect, and now I realize that I don't.

****Entry Number Two Hundred Forty-Eight:****

Waitâ€|that sounded cocky.

I guess I need more time to get this non-perfect thing down.

****Entry Number Two Hundred Forty-Nine:****

But right now, Hamtaro's taking me to the ice cream parlor.

That doesn't sound cocky.

****Entry Number Two Hundred Fifty:****

That sounds perfect.

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"So that was your diary I foundâ€|" Is a reference to "The Ribbon that Laced the Diary" which is the oneshot sister fic to this story. For those of you that haven't read it, in it, Hamtaro finds Bijou's diary and reads the first entry which is "I am a nice person, no really I am, etc." It's the first thing you read in this fic.

So yeah, that was the end. I'm sorry if the ending was corny! That's the way I had it planned since the beginning!

I was surprised when a whole lot of you sent me Private Messages asking if Hamtaro and Bijou were going to get together. I guess a lot of you weren't expecting that I would make Bijou apologize to Hamtaro.

Well, now all I have to do is update _Chuuujitsu_, and after that,
_Petals _comes out! Yay! I can't wait!

-CN

End
file.